

# LOWELL OFFERING.

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NOVEMBER, 1845.

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## EVENING FANTASIES.

HAPPENING to feel very romantic, one evening, as Twilight with her dusky train stealthily advanced, and not being able, with the utmost stretch of my imagination to transform my humble domicile into a dilapidated old castle—meet temple for lovers and ghosts—I resolved to take a stroll upon the banks of what, in vulgar parlance, we term a brook, but, in *polite* language, a rivulet. Wrapping my mantilla closely around me, though it was balmy spring, I wended my way alone, for who ever wanted a companion when dreamy visions were floating in the brain? Twilight had deepened into sombre shade ere I reached the winding stream, which, with “muffled feet,” danced merrily along, to embrace its elder sister far in the distance. The stars, one by one, peeped lovingly forth, their silvery beams kissing each bud, and flower, and spire of grass. The “queen of night,” too, graced the blue concave—not in full state, but with *taper* extremities, and with a *Grecian curve*, like as a modern belle.

I was aroused from the reverie, suggested by the surrounding scenery, by the sound of voices wafted along the still air of evening. I immediately hastened in the direction whence the sound proceeded. Soon an abrupt turn in the tiny river disclosed to full view, two figures seated upon a violet mound. Happily a tree, or rather a bush just bursting into *treehood*, screened me from their sight. The scenery was delightful from this point; but I had no eyes for that, for I was completely paralyzed by the surpassing loveliness of one of the unknown. She was—But O, Language! thou art meaningless and dumb. Such charms can but be *felt*. Venus herself would have worn a veil before this Hebe. And her companion, *she* was plain—yes, painfully so, from the strong contrast. She had, however, one redeeming feature—such *soulfull* eyes that they made my very nerves vibrate with emotion every time I caught a glimpse of them.

“But,” replied the enchanting one to some remark which I did not hear, “you cannot deny, Miss Intelligence, that my influence is more universal than yours; that, wherever I go, admiring eyes gaze upon me, and honeyed words are poured into my ear, and the homage of all is *willingly* rendered.”

“I know, Miss Beauty,” replied her companion, “that for a season your influence is great, but is it lasting? I have often been told by individuals,

that though they were completely dazzled by your charms when first beholding you, the effect soon wore away, and after a time they could see you without *even a sensation* of admiration; and have also been informed that the unpleasing impression of my plainness soon vanishes, and the regard which I inspire constantly increases. Is not lasting reverence better than momentary adoration?"

"Fudge!" said Beauty, haughtily curling her pretty pouting lip, "did they not know to whom they were talking? They never make such remarks to *me*, but in my presence are ever keenly alive to the beauties of nature, and especially to female loveliness. You may console yourself, if you please, with what you have just said, but nevertheless these very individuals will ever *practically* worship at my shrine."

"I will concede," replied Intelligence, "that a portion of the world may; but I cannot think that the wise and learned can be so captivated by personal charms, as not to seek for something deeper. True, the loveliness of the person, even though it may fade, is desirable, but the loveliness of the mind and heart will never change. Undimmed it will shine, even through an uncomely casket, and must be appreciated by the thinking portion of community."

"Indeed," replied Beauty, her liquid orbs looking as if thought might dwell beneath, "I will not answer your philosophy, but as you know there is to be a gala day to-morrow, let us then test its truth. We will see which will bear off the palm. To-morrow evening let us meet here and decide our long-contested relative merits."

"I will accede to this more readily," replied her companion, "because I know that in the miniature world which we shall meet to-morrow, there will be many talented and noble ones."

As they were about rising from the violet-spangled turf, I hastily retreated, resolving that I would seek that friendly covert on the next evening.

The long, *long* day at length passed, and I was again at the winding stream. Beauty was already there with a face beaming triumph, evidently impatient for the arrival of her companion. Soon she slowly approached, when Beauty with a merry voice, while contempt overspread every fine feature, exclaimed, "Where is all your boasted philosophy *now*? I *knew* that your *talented* and *learned* ones, whom you laud continually, would be no wiser than the simplest in my presence."

"You must acknowledge," replied Intelligence, "that I had, at least, a few in my train."

"True," responded Beauty, "but you had only a few *old women*, who attached themselves to you from envy of me."

Poor Intelligence said no more, but sat herself down and wept.

B. McD.



## AUTUMN.

ALL the bright hues of summer are faded, and gone  
 From the garden, the meadow, the woodland and lawn;  
 Where late bloomed the lily, the violet and rose,  
 The sere leaves of Autumn have crept to repose;  
 They have drank from the fountain of Summer's bright urn,  
 But by Nature's stern mandate to dust must return.  
 Now brown are the hill-tops and chilly the breeze,  
 That mutters at night through the cold naked trees,  
 Where lately they flourished in beauteous array,  
 The green flowing drapery of April and May.  
 There the storm-king hath swept with a riotous sound,  
 And scattered the foliage of summer around;  
 The storm, in its wrath, hath denuded the bowers  
 Where Flora delighted to wreath her sweet flowers;  
 The groves are all silent, the songsters are mute,  
 Pomona hath passed with her basket of fruit;  
 And sad was the sound of the farewell she said,  
 Like the groan of the dying, or wail o'er the dead.  
 We feel a deep stirring, an answering tone,  
 In the fate of all things which resembles our own.  
 Our days here are fleeting, our sojourn is brief,  
 We fade like the floweret, and fall like the leaf,  
 And our names are borne down by the current of time,  
 Unloved and unmourned, to Oblivion's clime.  
 With the eye of a watcher intently we gaze  
 Through the lengthening vista of life's rugged maze,  
 And our spirits leap forward with joy and delight  
 To that summer-clad region, all splendid and bright,  
 Where Eden's sweet bowers are evermore green,  
 And God in his brightness forever is seen.

M. R. G.

## "FIRST LOVE"! ALAS!

(Concluded.)

YEARS elapsed. I was again happy, and the very soul of gaiety. I was a proud fashionable woman, whose nod was a command which my subjects rivalled each other in executing. My taste was refined to fastidiousness, and I shrank from any thing gross or inelegant as I should from wickedness and crime. *Red hair* and tall spare men were my aversion. A limb that wanted roundness, or a bow deficient in finish, almost threw me into the hysterics.

I was on a summer tour, and had stopped, charmed by the dread sublimity, several days at Niagara Falls. That stupendous monument of Nature, shamed my arrogant presumption of superiority; and while contemplating it, I felt impressed with my own insignificance. Humility was a new feeling to my bosom, and the novelty induced me to prolong my stay for many days, in spite of the entreaties of the friends who were with me, that I would return to Saratoga. I was immovable in my purpose, but told my friends to leave, for the falls would lose nothing of their grandeur

if deprived of the adjunct of fashionable and aristocratic visitors. But they propitiated my favor by the assurance, that Saratoga would be a dreary desert without my presence. And the D'Orsay of the company said my "infatuation tempted him to bury himself in the boiling flood, that he might have the assurance that I paused over his grave with profound feeling, and left it with regret." But I turned from their hyperbole of compliments with disgust, and again sought the majesty of nature, and listened to its deafening roar as a pæan to the ALMIGHTY ARCHITECT. I still lingered there, spending each day in contemplating with awe these "voices of many waters." Every day but enhanced the spell of stability, and I know not when I should have been willing to have acceded to the wishes of my friends, had not an unfortunate recognition presented every thing in a *camera obscura* light, and destroyed my high-toned perceptions.

One evening, after tea, I remained in one of the public parlors of the hotel a short time. I noticed that a tall, angular woman, with an expression of ill-nature and selfishness in her countenance, who was seated by a window, fixed an earnest gaze upon my face, and watched my every movement. The rudeness of her gaze annoyed me, and, thinking a harsh thing of the vulgarity of "common people," I took my husband's arm to leave the room.

In the hall we encountered a tall and very spare man, with a red head slightly powdered by white hairs, and upon whose face was written the very dust and business of a lawyer's brief. The instant that the stranger perceived us, he approached, and making a bow which would have made the fortune of an amateur Yankee on the stage, said,

"Miss Cleaveland, or the lady whom I remember with pleasure by that name?"

"Formerly Miss Cleaveland," returned my husband, "but now Mrs. A——."

"And can you have forgotten me?" continued the homely stranger, presenting his skinny hand, and placing an expressive emphasis upon the closing personal pronoun.

"Your voice hath a familiar tone," I replied in the blindest manner I could compel, for I prided myself upon my ever urbane graciousness, "but your name and face has become obliterated by more recent impressions."

"Ah," he rejoined with an attempt at sentiment, "time has dealt more gently with you than me; but 'in days of auld lang syne,' do you remember one whom you honored with the name of friend, and whose name was Smith?"

"Mr. Smith!" I returned in a tone very like an exclamation, dropping his hand as if it had been an adder. And then I quickly added, with all my usual courtesy, "Pardon me, sir; I could hardly have conceived that I should have forgotten a friend of my childhood; but I was very young when I last saw you, and a long painful illness," I added, maliciously, "which occurred soon after your departure, made much of the past a blank."

"I heard you were very ill," he rejoined, mournfully.

"But you will pardon my tardiness of memory," I interrupted, "and allow me to introduce my husband." And as I named him I turned with gratified pride to the beautiful, the noble and manly being upon whose arm I leaned.

After the salutations of the introduction had passed, Mr. Smith remarked that he noticed and recognized me in the morning; "and I told Mrs. Smith



that that was the lady whom she had often heard me mention as Miss Cleaveland, or her daughter, for I could not think that upon you had been bestowed perennial youth. But you must allow me to introduce my wife and daughters to you. I will bring them." And he started for the parlor.

Mr. A——, who saw there was no alternative, interrupted him by saying, "Permit us, Mr. Smith, to accompany you, if Mrs. Smith is in the parlor." And we followed him into the room.

There, to complete my annoyance, I found that the tall square woman, whose rude staring had driven me from the room, was "Mrs. Smith." And then there was "Miss Smith," and "Miss Janet," and "Miss Letitia." And Mrs. Smith told "how *the Judge* was sure that it was Miss Cleaveland in the morning." And Miss Smith said that "*par* never forgot any of his old friends." The daughters ranged from twelve to eighteen years of age, and inherited—in a degree enhanced—the remarkable beauty of both parents. I endured the martyrdom with a placid countenance, until Mrs. Smith called Miss Smith "*Bel*," and said that "the Judge had given the world a second Mabel Cleaveland, only there was a Smith added to it."

I could endure no more; and pleading fatigue, headache, plague, cholera, and I do not know what else, begged to be excused.

When we reached our room, I flung myself upon a sofa in an agony of vexation and shame.

Mr. A—— laughed most heartily at my petulance. "Your passion for handsome men, *Bel*," said he, with another burst of merriment, "was not developed in your youth, if '*the Judge*' was one of your first loves." But seeing that I was seriously annoyed, he rallied me no more upon the subject, but soothed my irritation by—as he knew well how to dispel my ill humor.

The next morning, at my desire, we breakfasted in our own rooms, as I trusted by the manœuvre to escape *the Judge*, his better part, and their progeny; and, immediately after breakfast, we started for the "Canada side" of the falls, leaving messages for our friends of our destination.

At the landing of the ferry, who should we meet but the veritable *Judge*, accompanied by the "second Mabel Cleaveland."

"*Bel* and I," said he, "have started for the Canada side, for every body says that the finest views are on that shore. Mrs. Smith is afraid of these little boats over this dark water, and she and the girls have gone with a guide to scramble over Goat Island."

"I am happy that we have met you," I returned, as they were seating themselves in the boat, "as we have come for our last look. We leave in an hour. Farewell. Present our adieus to Mrs. Smith. Farewell."

The proper adieus were all properly said, and their boatman pushed his tiny skiff from the landing.

"I am surprised," said Mr. A——, as we paused to take breath midway of the interminable stairs, "that even a *mal apropos* acquaintance could drive you from the falls."

"*The falls!*" I repeated in undisguised petulance; "what are they but a great mass of green water tumbling over a ledge of dirty rocks!"

In an hour we had left Niagara; and I never again saw my "first love."

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Since then, what changes have chequered my life! My noble and beautiful husband lies in his grave, and my noble and beautiful boy is nestled close by his father's side. The one bowed beneath disappointment

and the world's changed smiles; the other was too pure and lovely to stay where sin and sorrow have growth. But *they* do not suffer! Thank God! that He spared *them*!

And I— Who would recognize in the premature little old woman, who every morning goes to her toil for the pittance which gives her bread, the beautiful and haughty Mrs. A——, the cynosure of fashion, and the cherished wife of one whose wealth was only surpassed by his generous goodness? When wealth had vanished, and the grave had closed over the remains of the *last* and ever loved, it required but a few years for his faded and sorrowing widow to sink into insignificance and oblivion. MABEL.

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## LETTER FROM NEW-YORK.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, June, 1845.

WELL, I have taken my farewell peep at Burlington. I watched it in the receding distance until it appeared like a speck, then turned from the view with a feeling not unlike that produced when taking leave of a friend whom we never expect to see again. We are on board the splendid Whitehall, making rapid progress towards the southern extremity of Champlain. The lake here becomes narrower and the shores beautifully diversified with beetling cliffs, woody crowned mountains, green slopes, and little tidy villages nestled down to the very water's edge. The scenery is ever changeful, yet does not present a greater variety of objects to ruminate upon than our multiform company in the boat. Here are the old and the young, the little and the great, the fat and the lean, the grave and the gay, the handsome and homely, refined and rude. We have also music and dancing, blinking and glancing, singing and sighing, falling and crying, whirling and twirling, and so on to the end of the chapter. A bevy of spruce gentlemen and ladies from Plattsburg are here, whom I opine belong to the military post in that place. One they call Davidson.

When I was in Plattsburg, last week, I was told that there was living at the barracks a Lieut. Davidson, (no kith or kin to the baby poets, I believe,) who had lately "married him a wife." They were both spoken of in terms of much commendation. My own observation, as far as it goes, would corroborate the same, for it is my good luck to see them here to-day, if I do not greatly mistake identity herein. They (the company I mean) manifest an abundant degree of hilarity, and perhaps to some it would seem a superabundance, but you know I am not very *deaconish* in such matters. We have passed Crown Point and Ticonderoga. When passing the first I was not aware of my vicinity, but saw it in the distance, and even that seems to be something. Of Ticonderoga I had as good a view as one could have in passing it who is as near sighted as I am. I put on my spectacles, and looked with both eyes as long as I could see it. A part of the old fort still remains to refresh the memory with the deeds of our brave predecessors. This fortress, you recollect, was taken by Ethan Allen and Col. Arnold, having surprised the garrison while asleep. "By what authority," asked the British commander, "do you demand the fort?"



"I demand it in the name of the GREAT JEHOVAH and the Continental Congress," replied Allen.

MANSION HOUSE, ALBANY, N. Y.

Gray pithily remarked that "half a word fixed upon or near the spot is worth a cartload of recollections;" so relying upon the strength of his observation I will renew my epistolary "pencillings by the way."

I left off scribbling on Lake Champlain for the very good reason that there was so much to see and hear that writing became a dead letter. Our passage through the "crooked way" into Whitehall was delightful. Took supper at the "Clinton House" about seven o'clock, and then left immediately for the canal packet, which was ready to start. So Whitehall is to me as though I had never been there, for I saw nothing of it but the Clinton House, and the omnibus that carried us to and from it. We came down the Champlain Canal in the "Packet Montreal." This part of the journey was not particularly pleasant, though I dislike to find fault with any thing, and there is merit in acting on the "Mark Tapley" principle. The captain and waiters exerted themselves to make us comfortable, but there was such a host of passengers that it was a complete jam, to make the best of it. However, I got along very well with all but the lodging, and this was a step from the ridiculous, though not exactly back into the sublime. There were so many mothers, with their "wee toddlin things" to encumber them, and ladies too old for climbing, that the lower berths were all occupied, so what could I do but climb and say nothing? If there had only been a ladder six or eight feet long for the occasion, the difficulty would have been obviated immensely, but there was none. Did you ever read the story entitled "The fat woman at sea?"—if you have, you will understand my dilemma, and the extent thereof. After I had scaled the height, and found myself fairly laid upon the shelf, the upper one too, I soon perceived that I had not surmounted all inconveniences, for here there was hardly a breath of air, having bonnets, caps, shawls, cloaks, umbrellas, etc., etc., suspended upon the hooks immediately before my berth. I could not close my eyes to sleep, but groaned in spirit till near morning, when I succeeded in dismounting, and laid myself down on the solid floor, where I had a good sweet nap.

About six o'clock in the morning, we left the canal packet and took the cars for Troy. The scenery along

"Where the Hudson rolls his lordly flood,"

and especially where

"The Mohawk's softly winding stream"

becomes its tributary, is of the richest green, and truly delightful to gaze upon. I almost longed for a home on the emerald shores of the Hudson. We crossed Van Shaik's Island, which is situated in the mouth of the Mohawk, passing directly over the ground which is noted for being the place where the main army of the North, under the command of Gen. Schuyler, took post in 1777, and the spot from which they marched in battle array the same year to the grand victory over Burgoyne at Bemus Heights. I know of no pleasanter place than this. Above you is the "mighty Mohawk" glancing along its reedy margins, and below is the lordly Hudson into which its empties, running parallel with the road, while upon its eastern shore is seen in picturesque beauty the splendid village of Lansing-

burgh. There is something exceedingly beautiful and singular in the appearance of this place. It is built principally on one street, keeping a parallel direction with the river. The houses are painted white for the most part, and are all of an elegant structure. They look as though their occupants were happy, but may be some of them are like whited sepulchres; or if not "full of dead men's bones," there is, we are told, "a skeleton in every house" the world round, however fair the outside may be.

About four miles from Troy the cars pass over a bridge, which crosses one branch of the Mohawk, and then we are on Hawver's Island; then we pass over another branch of the Mohawk, which brings us to Van Shaik's Island; and still another branch of the same river, to Green Island; from whence we pass over an immensely long covered bridge, which brings us upon the east side of the Hudson, and into the city of Troy. At the "American House" we breakfasted, then took the hourly stage, and again crossed the Hudson (this time in the coach in a prodigiously large scow ferry-boat, which is propelled by horse-power after the fashion of a tread-mill,) into West Troy, and from thence we proceeded directly to the capital of the Empire State. The distance from Troy to Albany is about six miles—a beautiful road upon the Hudson. What I have seen of Albany fully realizes my expectations. I have been out a streeting to get a glimpse at some of the lions here, and stepped into a bookstore, where I purchased the Writings of Mrs. Davidson—(Did you know of such a publication?)—and also the Poetical Remains of her daughter Margaret. The Poems of Lucretia Davidson I bought in Plattsburg, after returning from her grave.

This afternoon we shall go as far as Springfield, Ms.,—only a hundred and two miles—a mere trifle for an afternoon ride. To-morrow to Boston, and from there to Haverhill.

I hope soon to have the pleasure of assuring you in person how sincerely I am yours.

M. R. G.

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### MY FAVORITE HOUR.

SOME love the time of the still, calm night,  
When the world is softly sleeping;  
When the moon rides high in the deep blue sky,  
And the stars are vigils keeping.

Some love the time when each starry gleam  
With sable clouds is shrouded,  
And the startling themes of half-veiled dreams  
On the awe-struck mind are crowded.

Some love the time when the sun's first rays  
Illumine the dawning hours;  
When diamonds of dew, with radiance new,  
Are glistening bright o'er the flowers.

But give me the time when each delicate flower  
Beneath Twilight's mantle is sleeping,  
And the evening star, through the ether afar,  
With a look of protection is peeping.

Alone let me be at the sweet twilight hour,  
When sunset just fades into even;  
Mid the crystalline dews let me silently muse  
On the mildness and beauty of Heaven.

E. R. H.

*Mrs. Holbrook now Mrs. Hanson*



## MY FIRST INDEPENDENCE DAY IN LOWELL.

If any one chances to read the Offering forty or fifty years hence, perhaps they would like to know how I enjoyed myself on the fourth of July, 1845, it being the first FOURTH I spent in Lowell; and it may not be read without some little interest at the present day.

I was awakened in the morning by the ringing of bells, firing of cannon, and shouting of boys; and, after assisting about breakfast, and clearing away, I, with a number of others, equipped myself and sallied forth to see what people were about. The first that met our gaze was a company of horsemen with white frocks, and, as we thought, looking rather cool and comfortable. We passed a short distance down Merrimack street, but there was such a dense mass of people coming and going that we thought it best to take a cross street and pass into Central street, supposing there might not be so many there, but we were mistaken. How we got out of Central street I know not, but this I know, we did get out, after being pushed and shoved about, and proceeded to the grove on Gorham street, to await the coming of the procession.\* I should judge that we waited about an hour and a half; but, happening to have some numbers of the Offering with me, I seated myself upon the stone-wall, and with reading, chatting and laughing, the time passed very pleasantly until the arrival of the procession. We stopped awhile after they arrived, but, not being able to get near enough to hear any of the addresses without being crowded rather more than we liked, we concluded we would prolong our walk to the cemetery, as some of our number had never been there.

We took our way through the fields by the bleachery, admiring the beauties of nature, and listening to the songs of birds, and the music of the water as it fell splashing and bubbling over the falls. By the way, I must relate a little incident that pleased me much. At the entrance of a gateway there was a little stream meandering along, at which a cow had stopped to slake her thirst, and I, being ahead, was a little afraid of her, and stepped back; at which one of the company laughed at me, and said she never saw a cow she was afraid of; and with that she stepped forward, in order to show how courageous she was, when *Miss Mooley* shook her head at her in defiance, as much as to say "you *can't* come in." Poor A——! she looked rather blank when she saw us making ourselves merry at her expense, especially as she had just been boasting of her courage. After we had enjoyed a good hearty laugh, in which A—— could not help joining, we took up a stick, and with our united force mustered courage enough to pass by her without her injuring us; and I suppose she had no disposition to do so, but the poor creature felt *her independence*, and knew that she was temperate, as she was drinking cold water. In the same field was a horse, and A—— said she was always afraid of them, but this one merely looked at us, and I suppose he thought us beneath his notice, for he went quietly to grazing, and left us to pursue our walk unmolested.

After entering the main road we proceeded to the cemetery, passed through its different avenues, viewed the tombs, read the inscriptions upon many of the gravestones, and conversed about this one or that one, that

\* Procession of those engaged in the Temperance festival.

lay quietly sleeping in that place of shrubs and flowers, far away from the noise and bustle of the city.

On our return we took our way along the "powder-mill run," a very cool and shady walk; but we did not care to linger long around the mills, so proceeded home, where we arrived about three o'clock, somewhat fatigued, but withal rather pleased with our excursion. The pure air without the city invigorated our spirits, besides sharpening our appetites, and we hastened into the kitchen to see what we could find eatable, and were told that we might go into the cellar and help ourselves, which we readily did; and we made a most excellent dinner on lamb, peas and plum-pudding, although it was a late one; and I do not believe that those who dined earlier than we did, dined in a cooler place, or with a keener appetite.

ELIZABETH.

### NEPOMIWASSIT.

NIGHT, like a bird of sable wing, again brooded over the lofty forest of the Pequots; but O how unlike the previous one! Then Fort Sassacus, surrounded by its rude inclosure, sat undisturbed on the summit of yonder hill. The gentle ripple of the river's wave, the song of forest birds, and the perfume of May flowers lulled the red man to rest; and dreams of those hunting grounds, where the GREAT SPIRIT would crown him with eternal youth. Now the fort is gone; a heap of smouldering ruins marks the spot where it so lately stood. And the red man, where is he? His sleep is now a dreamless one. The shrill warwhoop cannot awaken him. The love of warlike glory cannot thrill his still heart, or nerve to life and action the sinewy arm. His spirit has gone to meet the brave warriors of his tribe, in green fields by the rising sun; while his pulseless form, covered with night dews, lies stiff and cold where it fell bleeding beneath the forest tree; or half-buried beneath the burning ruins it lies a crisped and scalpless corpse.

All is still where savage warfare so madly raged. The mighty Sassacus, whose name inspired the neighboring tribes with awe, had fled with eighty of his warriors to the Mohawks for protection, while the remnant of his people were hunted from swamp to swamp, till as a nation they became extinct. But Nepomiwassit still lingered near the dying ashes of his wigwam. With a proud sullen gaze he marked the scene of havoc and desolation, but his thoughts were not there. He had no kindred to perish in that dreadful conflict. Many years before, he had seen the reeking scalp torn from the heads of his wife and babes, by the strong and victorious hand of Young Eagle, the pride of the Mohegans. The victor spared none, save Luana, and her he bore away to be his bride. Nepomiwassit, with the Indian's deep sense of wrong, still lingered to execute vengeance on his foe. With knitted brow, and thoughtful air, he leaned awhile on his bow, the working of his features revealing the inward struggle, and then darted away through the forest. \* \* \* \*

Young Eagle, with a proud heart, led Luana forth to the mossy bank of the river; the bright moon peeped down through the opening branches,



and her silvery beams sported, like fairies, on the clear transparent waters which mirrored the majestic form of the brave chieftain and his young bride, whose voice, like the glad music of the forest bird, gushed forth in song, and mingled with the deep bass of the thundering waterfall that tumbled over the frightful precipice in the distance. She ceased; the thrilling tone floated for an instant on the breeze, and then melted away. A rustling of the leaves behind them brought the youthful pair to their feet, and as they turned around, the dark form of a savage emerged from the wood, and stood in the light of the moonbeams. It was Nepomiwassit. A shriek from Luana revealed the truth to Young Eagle. He sprang to grasp his bow. It was gone. Nepomiwassit, with a howl of exultation, caught her in his arms and fled with lightning speed. Young Eagle followed, in vain, to rescue his bride. Nepomiwassit paused on the brow of the precipice, and turned with a fiendish laugh to his pursuer, and then with a bound cleared the rocky side, and fell with Luana a crushed and lifeless mass in the black sullen waters below.

J. L. B.

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## SUNSHINE.

SUNSHINE!—what a world of beauty lies in that simple word. Who can calculate its influence? And yet how few of the many give it even a passing thought. Have you never seen a child grasp at its golden beauty as something tangible? and then, as if it had instinctively divined its mission, creep more fully into its brightness, and laying its soft cheek upon the carpet, carol awhile, and then sink gently to sleep? lying there in its unconscious beauty a bright passage in the poetry of life.

We cannot grasp the sunshine; we cannot press it to our hearts; yet our spirits ever own its presence. Its influence *there* is elevating, joyous, life-inspiring, ever lifting the cloud and dispelling the mist from the mind's sky. Yet so gentle in its influence is the sunshine, that although our hearts lighten, and every thing on which we gaze looks more beautiful and joyous in its presence, we seldom ask for the cause, or seek to know from whence it proceeds. Yet it is not always thus. Have you never on a dark lowery day, with spirits about zero, seen the sun suddenly break forth, and simultaneously felt a sense of wild pleasure steal gently along, thrilling and vibrating in every nerve?

But it is not alone by the mental creation that its influence is felt. Nature, through all her various ramifications, owns its power. Not a blade of grass or ear of corn but is nurtured by its influence; the giant oak and the nodding flower, the gemmed dew-drop and the bright-hued iris, are born alike of its genial spirit, and yet how silent and unobtrusive are its operations. Is there not a lesson here?

We labor with our hands—labor for independence and usefulness, and shall not our thoughts be coworkers? Their task is a silent, unseen, and often an unguerdoned one; but thou, blest sunshine, while I drink in thy beauty and feel the health of thy joy-inspiring influence, I will labor with hands and heart until I enter upon that day where thy presence is ever, and with no intervening cloud.

S. S.

## THE HEART.

THE human heart, how strange! How mysterious a thing it is! Capable of—O how much! Within its hidden recesses lies sweet music, whose depth has never yet been probed. Affections that soar high to heaven, and reach the uttermost parts of the earth. Passions deep, strong and deadly, and sin dark and loathsome, hath marred its beauty; these have reached the inner sanctuary, the “Holy of holies,” the temple that should be “the meet dwelling-place of the Holy Spirit,” and dwells in close communion with better and purer things. “Why is it thus?” the spirit sighs. Echo answers, “Why.” Why must the altar, on which burns brightly and truly to the last, love and sympathy, be desecrated? Love that comes gushing up from the heart like pure water, and clings closely to its cherished object through good and evil report, in joy and sorrow, and undying accompanying it to the grave. Love, deep, strong and deathless, that many waters cannot quench, and floods cannot drown. Love that lives on unrequited or coldly thrown back upon itself. This the heart must know, must see its brightest hopes depart, its warmest affections crushed and trampled upon. It must see its loved ones meekly bow their heads and die; its cherished ones wandering in dark and forbidden paths; its deep earnest yearnings unsatisfied—till alone it stands in the cold, thoughtless world, a withered, blighted thing, wanting to depart and be at rest.

Go out into the bustling mart, and mark well the thronging crowd as they pass you by; scan the features of each, and learn a lesson not easily forgotten. Learn to struggle bravely and manfully on against the ruffled tide of life. To your right, a man is passing with bowed form and care-worn cheek; grief has furrowed his brow, and age turned to snow his jetty locks; sorrow’s rapid stream has borne him on, till, struggling and trembling in the maelstrom’s whirl, he goes down, down to its unfathomable depths. A being with firm step and haughty bearing passes to your left; the compressed lips and keen glance of his eagle eye, all tell of high resolves to be strong and brave, and contend manfully with life as it is.

Anon in the distance, with slow step, a maiden approaches: resignation and a holy calm sits enthroned like coronets of pearls, on her sunny brow, and “with pale hands all meekly folded o’er her quiet heart,” she passes down the road of life. She has learned the great lesson that all must learn, to suffer and grow strong. Yet it is all concealed beneath a calm exterior. None, save the eye of omnipotence, saw the weary struggle of that young heart, for to the world she wore the aspect of one that knew not sorrow. Others are crossing your path, and with a warm heart they cordially grasp your hand, and your spirit goes forth to embrace them, but ere you are aware, they are gone; their sweet faces, beaming with love and tenderness, look up to yours no more, and you stand again alone.

It is ever thus. When the fondly cherished hopes of long years seem within reach, we stretch forth the hand to take them, but, like the *ignis fatuus*, they elude our grasp, and vanish away in the distance. Ever thus is it with the heart, made to suffer to gather strength from its own sufferings, and to “Bring joy from out its withered things.” Whoever has not learned this lesson, has yet to learn to live. J.



## FACTORY ROMANCE.

**FACTORY GIRLS.** A rich southern man on a visit to this city, happened to find at work in one of the factories, a beautiful girl, the perfection of his ideal, to whom he at length was introduced, and finding her all he desired, by the consent of her friends, and amid the congratulations of many, she became his blushing bride, and has gone to preside over his home at the sunny South. The realities and romances of the factories are many and interesting.—*Lowell Vox Populi.*

The Lowell Factory Girls afford a pretty constant theme of discourse for certain newspaper paragraph makers. The public are quite frequently favored with remarkable statements and romantic stories concerning them. A few days ago we had an account of a famous joint-stock company, which was about to be formed among them, to carry on a great female cotton factory, by and between themselves; all probably to be heads, presidents, directors and company, agents, operatives, &c. That story and the one above, after having gone the rounds of the papers, will turn out to be, one just as true as the other.—*Boston Traveller.*

Miss Irene Nichols, daughter of Mr Nathaniel Nichols, of Monmouth, Kennebec county, while at work in a factory in Dorchester, Ms., some few years since, was offered very liberal wages to go to Mexico, and engage in a factory just established there. She, with eight others, accepted the offer. While there she became acquainted with Herrera, the present revolting and successful general, with whom she contracted marriage. She made a visit to her friends in Maine, last summer, during which she received frequent letters from Herrera. She left here in July or August last, for Mexico, *via* New York, where she obtained a license, and was united in marriage to Gen. Herrera, by his representative, the general not being able to leave Mexico—a step rendered necessary, as the parties were both Protestants, and could not be married in Mexico, a Catholic country. Herrera is now President of Mexico, having his head-quarters at the national palace in the city, and this Kennebec “factory girl” now “revels in the halls of the Montezumas.” Gen. Herrera is of German extraction, and we are given to understand is an ardent admirer of the institutions of this country, and would not be opposed to the union of Mexico with the United States. A society, extensive in its ramifications, already exists in Mexico, with a view to the accomplishment of such a project.—*Kennebec Journal.*

The Presidentess of the Mexican Republic, by which we mean the wife of Gen. Herrera, now President, was once a factory girl at an establishment in Mexico, where the General saw and loved her. Her name is Irene Nichols, daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Nichols, of Monmouth, Kennebec county, Me. This news will create a prodigious sensation at Lowell.—*Exchange paper.*

These stories, as the Boston Traveller asserts, are going the rounds of the papers; but we do not fall in with his insinuation, that they are not true. Now we happen to sit every day at table beside Madam Herrera's cousin Charley, and he sold us the very gown that we now wear, and we know that he is a reality, a stubborn fact; and Irene is a reality as well as a romance. She may be fairy-like, but she is not a fairy. She may be moonshiny, but she is not moonshine. She may have bewitched, but she is not a witch—we mean that she is not one of the old-fashioned sort, and does not ride a broomstick. She is not a sorceress, and has exercised no sorcery but that by which thousands of our New England girls could raise themselves to the “climax of woman's glory,” if they only could bring the grandees of other nations within the influence of their magic. Who supposes that Irene is not superior to any other woman who ever trod the halls of the Montezumas—those blood-craving monsters, whose most enduring monuments are piles of tens of thousands of human skulls. We will not except even her, the beautiful and beloved preserver of Fernando Cortez. And who envies Irene? Is the palace of Mexico a more com-

fortable home than she might easily have found in Yankee-land? Does she find there the thousand little comforts which here she thought necessities? Do they have commodes, and workstands, and spoolstands, and tape-measures, and finger-nail brushes? And do they have sleigh-rides, "with a band of music sounding through the air"?

And is it as secure a home? Do not the ghosts of the Aztecs and the Toltecs visit the halls of their fathers? And if not, are there not dungeons beneath the halls of those splendid mansions, where Irene and her beloved general may yet drink the cup of bitterness? for "a breath may fell them as a breath has raised."

And that other Southron, who found here the "*beau ideal*" of his fancy, why should we doubt it with the Boston Traveller? Verily, he never has travelled through the mills of Lowell, or he would know that here every man might be suited to his taste, provided he was willing to see the same beauties and excellences in a Lowell factory girl that he could espy in another lady of more fortunate circumstances.

And this prodigious sensation that the last editor anticipates in Lowell, has not been the result of these astonishing marriages. Indeed we see less astonishment expressed than in the papers of other places. Perhaps a few romantic misses in their teens may dream of being queens in Oregon, princesses in Wisconsin, and *chieftainesses* in Texas, but the light of a few bright snow-blinding days will banish these visions, and they will dream again, as Irene dreamed before she went to Mexico, of a home where

"The banks they are furnished with bees,  
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;  
The grottoes are shaded with trees,  
And the hills are white over with sheep;  
From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,  
What strains of wild melody flow,  
How the nightingales warble their loves  
From the thickets of roses that blow."

Let us, in imagination, now go back to the youthful home of Irene, and follow her thence until her departure for Mexico.

It is a large brown house, poking its front into the very highway, and has a long sloping roof behind, which almost touches the ground, and does in fact descend to the *hogshead of ley*. It has a little forest of hen-coops, and graneries, and pig-pens, hay-stacks, and well-sweeps, behind and beside it, and directly in front, "the other side o' the way," is a huge barn, with all the appurtenances of cow-yard, watering-trough, cattle-shed, chaise-house, "and all." But though this is not the abode of taste, it is most certainly that of comfort, plenty, and no small degree of intelligence. Irene is the pet, the beauty, the favorite of the household, and all its advantages and privileges are hers. But thoughts of another home will frequently steal into her mind, cherished and consulted as she is in this. And now let us go, with all the audacity we can assume, into the home of Irene's imagination—that where she shall queen over him who loves to own her sway, and where she in return gladly submits to one whom she loves. Well, here we go, like a nervous maiden under the manipulations of a mesmerist, and here is Irene's own homestead. We are "away down east, in the State of Maine." Around us are forests of pines, who lift up their evergreen heads in silent and constant worship.



There is not a house in view, except Irene's, but in the distance is a small building, looking, for all the world, like a sentry-box, and which is, in fact, one of those railroad depots which Dickens describes, expressing the wonder where the folks came from who got in, and went to who got out. If those pine trees to the left were not quite so thick we could see the spires of a village, but as it is we must be content with Irene's domicile. It is painted as white as—as—a sheet of paper, and the door is as green—as she was when she dreamed of it. There is a little front yard, about sixteen by twenty, for our country folks always economize land in front of their dwellings. It is fenced in by pine palisades, painted white and green, and put together in triangles and all sorts of diagrams. The gate is just large enough to admit you, and a Daniel Lambert would have to leap the wicket, or go round to the end door. You walk into the little path, and, like a magnanimous foe, you press your clothes to your sides that you may not brush the heads off the marigolds, "lady's delights," and bachelor's buttons, who seem inclined to dispute your way.

You look up, and the five windows—two for the parlor, two for the parlor-chamber, and one for the entry over the door—these five windows, with their five white curtains, all drawn down to the very sill, look as if they were in their shrouds. But we will pluck up courage, and ascend the pine doorsteps. Stone is scarce in our country(?). There is no bell—Irene never even dreamed of that; and she thinks, as her grandmother does, that knuckles were made before knockers, if not for knockers, and here we stand thumping fifteen or twenty minutes, and just as we are about to give up the front entrance, and, like Bunyan's bad folks, get in some other way, Irene comes and opens to us, apologizing with all her might because the door was locked and did not open of itself; and telling how busy she has been cutting out her husband's pantaloons, up in the back chamber, for she never learned the trade, and is not accustomed to the work. Her cheeks are as red, her eyes as bright, and her step as light and true as in the first days of girlhood. If it is a warm day she wears a pink calico dress, with a white cape and black silk apron. If cold, her gown is of "green circassian" with the same appendages; for, if we are at all reasonable in our hour, Irene's housework is all done up.

Well, here we are in the front entry, with the best stairs right in our face and eyes—no, before them, with a little narrow strip of red and green carpeting in the middle, reminding us of the striped ribbon which she puts straight over the crown of her nicely kept straw bonnet, for its winter trimming. Irene shows us into the parlor, and ties up the white curtains with little red woollen tassels, and now we can see what is evidently and nicely "kept for show." There is a strip carpet to examine. It is made of the best remnants of old coats, and overcoats, and waistcoats, and the dark groundwork is relieved by strips of red and green and yellow flannel. That bright scarlet strip, which enlivens each stripe, cannot be mistaken for any thing but the old red broadcloth cloak which her great grandmother used to wear. And now for the rug: it matches well with the carpet, and well it may, for both are the production of the same fair hand. It is made of thrums—has a dark-brown ground, a black fringe, and the figure is a—we can't tell what—but it looks like a huge red strawberry blossom, for it has five leaves with a yellow spot in the centre. On each side is a monstrous green burdock leaf, and in the four corners are four blue stars. The chairs are of wood, painted black, and highly varnished,

with a thin flowering of gilt at the top. In the corner is a rocking-chair, with a cushion made of odd bits of ribbon, and these are all visible mementoes of Irene's taste and industry. The room is hung with paper, which might well pass for small-figured bright-colored calico; and over the fireplace is a "mourning piece," representing a short chubby red-cheeked girl, in a short black gown, with a black shawl over her head, and holding in one hand a large white handkerchief as a symbol of grief. The other arm is resting upon an Egyptian sarcophagus, on which are inscribed the names of all Irene's departed relatives, and written with the schoolmaster's best pen. There is no retirement, and from a hundred windows in the background intruding or protruding heads might witness the pharisaical grief of the mourner. Opposite this is the mirror, which consists of a small glass, with a picture above it of a fine lady and a superfine gentleman, and a magnificent house, both connected by one frame, which consists of alternate semi-cubes of black and gilt. On another side of the room are all the "Presidents of these United States" hung in a row, and Daniel Webster hangs with them, for Irene's husband thinks if he is not President, he ought to be. In the fireplace are some bright brass andirons, covered with white muslin, and so are the tops of the shovel and tongs. And on the mantel-shelf is a row of those good folks who rest in the Egyptian sarcophagus—that is, their "shades," which shades are cut from white paper like children's horses, and put in relief against a bit of black pasteboard. These are interspersed with small shells which Irene collected when she rode to the beach with her beau; and in the very middle of the shelf is a wax wonder with a glass over it.

Will Irene let us go into the kitchen? Yea; for she prideth herself much upon its neatness and good management. It is neatly papered and painted, has half-curtains to the windows made of the relics of an English gingham gown, and is plentifully supplied with braided mats. Here, also, is the black monument of Irene's only voluntary transgression against her father's will, in the shape of one of "James's patent stoves," for there are but three things in the world at which the old gentleman has sworn enmity, and these are, Universalists, Federalists, and cooking-stoves. Still the old gentleman cannot deny that Irene has a comfortable room, notwithstanding no pleasant blaze greets him from an open hearth.

At the end of the kitchen is Irene's sleeping-room, but so many gentlemen are with us that we will not go in—still we cannot help seeing through the open door a cradle, painted red without and blue within, with a little patchwork covering, made of that piece of "Job's troubles" which she never had patience to enlarge to its originally destined dimensions.

Irene is more than willing that we should descend into her cellar, and we do not wonder after we get there. It is so cool, so clean and orderly, (a thousand times pleasanter than the dungeons of the Montezumas,) and if it were only a little lighter, we would willingly spend the whole of a summer's day in it. Here is a nice arch for potatoes and all other freezeable commodities, and a score of exhausted flour barrels, filled with apples, and pears, and what not, and there is a beef barrel, and a pork barrel, and a soap barrel, and a quintal of codfish, and a tin cake chest, in which is still a large proportion of the dress loaf of bridal cake.

Now that we have been down stairs, we are not contented without also going up stairs. So we ascend, over that same strip of narrow carpeting, and now we are in the upper entry. The most conspicuous thing here is



the fancy curtain hung at the window—made of the sprigged muslin dress in which her mother was married, and it is gathered and fringed and looped in all manner of fantastic directions. In the front chamber is—all that is necessary. Here is a white toilette, with a pink cushion upon it, and there is a mat before it, made of black cloth figured over with little pieces of all sorts of things, looking like a mob of Arabic, Sanscrit, and Chinese characters mingled together in confusion worse confounded. And here is the nice soft feather-bed which Irene had earned at sixteen, and which was then sewed up in a pair of strong sheets that it might be kept unsoiled for this place and occasion.

And Irene blushes when we open the door where she is making her first attempt to become “the ninth part of a man,” but we think, as we look at the things which lay there, that it is not so bad for a wife to make them as to wear them.

And now we must go; but Irene must show her flowers. Her rose geranium in a great blue waterpail, and her bridal rose in a cracked bean-pot, and her callow in a broken pitcher, and this great thing she says is her “chrysanthum.” Divers little applicants for a kind look and word lift up their green heads from tumblers and mugs, but we must go. As we pass out, Irene calls our attention to the great lilac, and the rose-tree, and the mammoth peony which suffered so in the last thunder-storm, and we must not forget the sunflowers, and the prince’s feathers, to say nothing of the tansy in the corners of the yard, with its neighbors of catnip, spearmint, peppermint, and a dozen other mints.

And which of Irene’s beaux do we suppose her bright dreams metamorphosed into a husband? Let us take the same liberty with her heart that we have with her house, and see in Memory’s gallery what portraits Fancy painted there. Although Irene has been a rustic belle, yet we shall have time to go through with the list of her lovers, for they are never “Legion” in the breast of any true-hearted woman.

The first is that awkward ungainly boy, with limbs like a long-armed ape, and a face which has a mammoth handle. The sallow sunken cheek and thin compressed lips indicate thought and determination, but present no fascinations to a young light-hearted girl. The high projecting brow is the only feature which has claims to beauty, for the bright eye is sunken in his head, and oft cast down to the ground. He is usually silent and reserved, but the beauty of Irene has wrought a magic spell upon him, and one day, as she opens her grammar in the first school hour, she finds a poetical effusion, commencing—

“In thine eye is beauty bright,  
Revellings of magic light,”

and so on through twelve lines, which not only have the merit of rhyming harmoniously, but the initials of them compose an acrostic upon her own true name. Irene looks at it again and again, and at the name inscribed in full length at the bottom, for there are none less sly than your really bashful boys when they have once screwed their courage to the acting point. The verses have all the appliances of fair paper, beautiful chirography, and though Irene is not much of a critic, she knows that orthography and punctuation are well attended to. A shy feeling, like the curlings of a gentle mist, steals over the heart of Irene, and she looks upon the paper as a magic scroll. In her presence the awkward boy becomes

still more ungainly ; he blushes if she smiles upon him, and his brow lowers if she smiles upon another. She finds it more of an effort to be merry when he is by, and wishes she could feel as much at ease with him as with handsome Bill P., or gallant Jim S., or witty Tom K.

The boys all like Irene ; they are all willing to wait upon her to huskings, and see her safe home from spelling-schools—all but the awkward boy. She might stay at home all her life for want of his invitations, and the bears might catch her any dark night spite of his assistance. Still that subtle freemasonry, which makes lovers known to each other, tells Irene that he loves her far better than Tom, or Jim, or Bill, and she knows that so far she loves him better than they. But then all the girls laugh at him, and the boys say he is a noddie, and he cannot run, nor dance, nor skate, nor play ball, nor do any thing so well as they, if indeed he can do them at all ; but then he can parse, and do sums as well as the master, and write acrostics, which even the master cannot do, and Irene is fully aware of his intellectual superiority. But head and heart are not all the requisites for winning the sum total of a young girl's love, and after a few seasons of wavering between hope and fear, the awkward boy is resolved to end his suspense by a positive declaration to Irene, and he is *refused*. She has too little love, or independence, or both, and when she has cast away the truest heart that ever beat for her she is aware of its value. Henceforth the boy's heart is steeled against the tender passion—all women are selfish, heartless flirts and fools. He devotes himself to his books, and as time passes on his name is enrolled among the distinguished of his country, and Irene could boast that she once refused the learned man.

But these things usually bring a meet retaliation. Irene does not find that she is regarded with any marked preference by the beaux who once admired her, and her own experience is too recent to allow of a second entrance to her heart. She becomes choice and fastidious, and is called proud and unfeeling.

At length a new minister comes to the place, a young graceful and interesting man. Irene's beauty, animation and indifference to the beaux attracts his attention. If he exhibits any preference, it is for her. His attentions are only those of a perfect gentleman, but Irene receives them with a demureness which implies a fear of an affection of the heart. She admires the minister, but then she thinks she is not accomplished and religious enough to suit him exactly ; and when the impression of her beauty has passed away, he will see it too, and it would be better that she should know it first. She congratulates herself upon her coyness when the minister brings his new bride to the parish, a very learned lady, to whom he has been engaged many years ; one who, it is rumored, reads in Latin, and talks in Latin, and, it is supposed, thinks in Latin, and Irene shrewdly guesses that she will keep house in Latin too.

Again time passes on, and Irene is not married. At length a railroad is to be surveyed ; and what fine city gentlemen come down into the woods to lay it out. There is one among them a perfect Apollo in figure, an Adonis in attractions, and a Beau Brummel in manner and dress—at least, so he appears to Irene. He wears such nice gloves, such polished boots, such a gold chain, such superfine broadcloth ; and then his shaggy great-coat is only to be matched by his whiskers, and then his dogskin cap, with tassels hanging down—oh, who can tell how many hearts are hanging at the end of them. With the most graceful manners his particular



attentions are devoted to Irene, and Rumor soon reports that he is "courting" the rustic beauty. Irene pouts prettily, and denies it, for the elegant surveyor has never "*committed himself*" in words, but when a woman fully trusts she is willing to exchange hearts without the word and the bond. Those are for matches where love is not at the foundation of the union—for the worldly, calculating and suspicious. And, if people suspect that he is courting her from his open attentions, what would they think if they knew of all the secret subtle influences by which he has impressed her with the belief. Then the envious girls begin to wonder that Irene will place so much confidence in a stranger, and demure, prudish old ladies give her their excellent advice, and this brings out Irene as the earnest public advocate of the stranger. Doubts will sometimes steal across her own mind, but they only serve to impress his image more intensely on her heart, and she still goes on "in the full confidence of faith unspoken." But the surveying is over—the gentlemen depart. Irene is tendered a beautiful annual in the most gracious manner by her attentive friend, which she refuses sulkily, with the sarcastic assurance that she needs no *memento* of him; and then he goes to some other village, to amuse himself with some other "ladie fair," and go headfirst, that is, *capfirst*, into the sanctuary of her affections.

But a change has now come over the spirit of Irene. She mourns; not for the lover, but "for the love which has passed like the dew from the new-blown rose," and she feels conscious that few hearts mourn with her for her folly. The girls are glad, and the beaux not sorry, and poor Irene tries hard to hold up her head beneath the mortification which weighs it down. She is glad to embrace an opportunity which offers to leave home, and go to the factory, for she cares not whether she ever sees a half-a-dozen men again or not. But the young and healthy cannot always droop. She recovers in a new place her spirits, her sprightliness and buoyancy, and none is so much admired for animation, beauty and energy as Irene. She would be a belle, but there are no beaux. The first overseer is a married man, the second one engaged, and the third but a boy. It is said that prisoners, who have nothing else to interest their feelings, will learn to love the spiders who spin cobwebs in their cells. And superior girls, when debarred all other society, will sometimes place their affections upon clowns and ninnies.

Irene almost gets in love with the third hand, and he is somewhat fascinated with her, but he finally gives her the cold shoulder, and returns to a pretty little girl who is his first love. Irene treats it all as a gay joke, for her heart was not really in the affair. She has some designs of supplanting the favorite of the second-hand, but when she really sees that her sly coqueting is taking effect, and that she may be successful, honorable and praiseworthy motives induce her to undo what she has already done. But a mill life seems inane and tedious to her; she does not wish to return home, and is it strange that she embraced the opportunity which offered, when they were recruiting for emigrant factory girls, of changing Yankee-land for Mexico?

ANNETTE.

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### "MY EXPERIENCE AS A TEACHER."

As each member, in turn, is supposed to contribute something for either the instruction or amusement of our circle, I have thought to give you this evening, "My experience as a school-mistress."

I commenced teaching at the early age of fifteen; and well do I recollect my first essay. It was in the early part of May. The day was dark, cold and gloomy, but on entering the school-room, such a lighting up of happy faces, such a rich glow of rosy cheeks and sparkling of bright eyes—it seemed like a daydawn in Eden, ere sin had expelled the happy pair. Having ascended the "rostrum"—for the teacher's desk was always elevated some two or three feet above the floor—I looked around upon the youthful group, so full of curiosity and expectation, and issued my "first orders." But although firmness was, and still is, a predominant trait in my character, yet I cannot say that these "orders," though just, were always rigorously enforced. My heart would sometimes betray my head into little acts of forgiveness for commissions as well as for omissions. In a word, the "mistress" was loved more than feared. I can but laugh at the expedients then resorted to, in the way of punishment, in order to save the offender from the "lash" and the "rule," and my own heart from the misery of inflicting them. I used often to hang the boys up by the button-hole of their spencers to frighten them. But it was generally a punishment sufficient for the misses to be seated with the boys of their own age. Yes, sometimes, when I thought that corporal punishment could not be dispensed with, have I seen the little urchins, after a severe whipping, look around upon their playmates with, "Well, I don't care," or "Mistress, I defy you," written legibly upon their countenances. And then again they would skulk away, apparently ashamed of the flogging, yet little caring for the infringement of the right. I knew that this was human nature; yet where was the key by which to regulate the secret spring of their actions?—I had not found it.

Time passed on. I spent my summers as a teacher, and my winters as an operative; but it was not always to be thus. I had studied other than books, and had gained some little celebrity, not only as a teacher, but as a "school-mistress." In a word, I had learned the secret of the art of governing, for I had looked into my own heart, and made my observations there. Now my time was wholly employed in teaching. I was solicited to perform the most difficult tasks, to teach schools where the boys, ranging from eight to twenty-two, were in the habit of regularly expelling their teachers; and I will own that it was not without a sense of my own weakness that I approached places so notorious; but, strong in the consciousness of ever striving to do right, I entered upon the arduous task.

The most difficult school in which I was ever engaged was that where, some six or seven years before, I had made my *debut* as a teacher, and issued my "first orders." It was in the winter of 1839. Now, I had no orders or rules to lay before my pupils for their acceptance—I came to them simply in the capacity of teacher. This I told them, desiring each, so far as conduct was concerned, to be their own governor. And is it not well to let children rest measurably upon themselves? Character and individuality are brought out and strengthened; an honest pride is felt in the



consciousness that they have done right of their own accord—far more stimulating than the praises of either parents or teachers. The object of their coming was next ascertained, which was without exception—education. The best means of securing this object was next discussed; to that proposed, the pupils yielded their undivided assent. Whispering, playing, and every thing that would tend to divert the attention, was, by their united assent, to be excluded from the school. Thus commenced, I entered with a firm step upon my duties.

The first to break this harmony of effort was a boy of some eighteen years of age—large, stout and muscular, high-spirited, independent, possessed of an indomitable selfwill, and with combativeness equal to his selfwill. This individual had always been prominent in all disturbances in the district between master and pupils, and many a master owes his expulsion to him. He had committed some slight fault; I beckoned for him to come to me; he hesitated, knowing that he had done wrong. I motioned again; he still hesitated. I then, in my usual tone, told him I wished to speak with him. He came, and in a low tone, that no one but his could hear, I reasoned with him. By this means his pride was not hurt, his heart was softened, he confessed his error, and said he would *strive* to do better. This was a conquest. Perhaps he had never in all his life before made such a confession. He fell at times from his good resolutions; yet, upon showing him it was not *my law*, as such, that he had broken, but the great principle of right, that which was designed for his good, he would become penitent, and confess his error, for he felt those laws to be self-existent, and he recognized them as such.

I recollect on one occasion of reprimanding him for some flagrant offence, *in a severe tone*, before the whole school. He gave me a look I never shall forget, as much as to say, "I am not to be frightened by loud talking." And were I to venture an opinion, I should say, that he never knew the meaning of the word *fear*; that it had no place in his vocabulary of his ideas. He obeyed me; yet I saw he was not conquered. This time I went to him, and in a gentler tone told him, that duty—a duty I owed to my employers, to myself, and to a Being above either of us, obliged me to act in this manner, and that had I done otherwise *he* would have been the first to have censured me. I explained to him the necessity of acting from principle, without reference to persons; that it was not the interest of one individual but that of the whole school that was to be consulted. From this time he was ever the devoted scholar, and the firm friend. He not only did right himself, but strove to influence others to do the same. Thus a kind tone and gentle manner, joined to the firm conviction of a just intention, wrought what no external appliances could possibly have effected.

How winning is a soft voice, meant but for one ear. To what inconvenience would we not subject ourselves to fulfil some request uttered in a soft sweet voice; and yet, in the management of children, how few have recourse to this most powerful of influences. In the management of young children, the voice operates like a magnet. Numerous instances are in my memory where, while correcting them in the gentlest language, they have clasped their arms round my waist, and dropping their heads on my bosom, have sobbed as though their young hearts would break.

For some years past I have banished corporal punishment, and have found that gentleness and kindness, united with firmness, are fully ade-

quate to every emergency ; and many are the pleasing recollections, that come looming up from the long past of my pupils' love and devotedness.

One morning, I was obliged, from indisposition, to leave the school. I selected two of the young ladies, and requested to know who would remain and obey them as teachers. There were from eighty to ninety present. Every hand was raised. The next morning the "common" was literally flooded with children, who came out to meet me, and brighter and more beautiful shone their faces when it was asked, "Who has trespassed?" and the answer was returned, "*Not one.*" This is but one instance of the many, of their affectionate kindness.

And now, as the post brings me the neatly folded letters and papers marked with the familiar initials of A. B., C. D., and others of my pupils, my heart gladdens, and I feel a pride that my instructions, my influence and my love ended not with the few years of our connection as pupil and teacher.

S. S.

## THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

THE zephyr's sigh is breathing low,  
The moon shines on the sea,  
And Night's bright watch-lamps sweetly  
glow  
In heaven's blue canopy.

O'er England's fair and dew-gemmed  
vales  
The spring's first flowerets shine,  
And many a valiant red-cross knight  
Goes forth to Palestine.

A youth there is, of noble race,  
Whose firm proud soul beats high,  
He seeks a mighty warrior's place,  
A name that may not die.

He stands at eve where bending vines  
Cast shadows on his brow,  
He worships there—'tis Beauty's shrine.  
What grieves his spirit now?

A maid, with blue and love-lit eye,  
Stands by with marble cheek ;  
Ah ! 'tis to her that ardent sigh  
Tells what no words may speak.

Her sainted look to Heaven is raised,  
Her white hands clasped in prayer,  
But glory's star has o'er him blazed,  
And will she keep him there?

"Go! go!" she cries, "where banners  
float,  
Let FAME thy watchword be,  
Yet with the bugle's swelling note  
Mingle one thought of me.

Receive this single auburn tress ;  
Place it above thy heart ;  
And from thy early truthfulness,  
Oh, never once depart !"

"Now, by my sword!" exclaims the  
knight,  
"This auburn braid shall be  
A bright and beacon-star to light  
My mortal destiny."

They parted ; and the light of morn  
The marching Crusade blessed ;  
Yet still that glossy pledge was borne  
Upon the warrior's breast.

And where the murmuring palm-tree  
waves,  
By Judah's hallowed stream,  
And where the Hill of Zion laves  
In Luna's liquid beam,

There sped the army of the Cross,  
And mid the deadliest fight  
That tress of auburn hair from loss  
Was guarded by that knight.

And still those gallant soldiers pressed  
To crush the Moslem's power,  
And still that knightly lover's crest  
Was first in danger's hour.

And well he won the warrior's meed,  
And gained the laurel crown,  
For in the warrior's gloomy grave  
To rest he laid him down.



<p>He fell where raged the fiercest fight, Where death shafts thick were flying; When broke the ruddy eastern light, That valiant knight lay dying.</p> <p>They buried him by Jordan's tide Where towering palm-trees wave; No prayer was said, no tear was shed, Above his lonely grave.</p> <p>A rumor came to England's coast, Borne on the eastern breeze; It told of many a battle lost, And brilliant victories.</p>	<p>It told of one whose sun went down Upon a field of glory, Whose deeds of valor should resound In thrilling song and story.</p> <p>And where was she, the fair young girl, Whose heart for him was breaking? She passed long days of weariness, And nights of troubled waking.</p> <p>The tidings came. She heard the sound: Its cold words made her shiver. She murmured not, but in that hour Her spirit fled forever. M. A.</p>
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## EDITORIAL.

THE FACTORY GIRLS AND THEIR MAGAZINE. It will be seen, by a reference to last month's editorial, that the aim of the Offering was a very simple one—simple in itself, though surprising in its results. It was published *simply*, in the words of one of its first contributors,

“to show  
What factory girls had power to do.”

It was a collection of compositions, and read and praised for its unexpected literary merit. No particular tone was given to it. Its editor confined himself to a few paragraphs of general remark, and its writers, with perhaps one or two exceptions, thought themselves sufficiently aspiring when they presented to the public the offspring of their imaginations, without taxing their higher intellectual powers by discussing the controverted questions of the day, or endeavoring to enlighten the world still farther with their opinions upon mental, moral, or political philosophy. One thing, however, might reasonably be expected from their writings—that they would exhibit the state of feeling among the contributors; and it was found that the Offering possessed a cheerful tone. There were, sometimes, in its tales, essays, and poems, allusions to trials, griefs, deprivations, and discomforts. The wearisome hours, the monotonous toil, the separation from friends, and the seclusion from the accustomed healthful and buoyant influences of nature, were spoken of in terms—it might be of regret and sadness, but not of captious discontent. And we are rejoiced at this. We thank them that they have presented themselves to their readers with cheerfulness and self-respect. They have thus done honor to their heads and their hearts. They have shown that their first and absorbing thought was not for an advance of wages or a reduction of labor hours. They have given the impression that they were *contented* even with their humble lot. They have implied that it was quite as important to be good, as to have good. They have striven for improvement of head and heart before that of situation. They have attended more to self-reformation, than to the reformation of society. They have looked more at the beam in their own eyes, than at the *beams* which some appear to think they should first have smote from those of others. If they have, in one or two cases, acted upon the defensive, yet they have never been the aggressors. And, judging from the approval of the wise and good, they have done right in cultivating this spirit, and in their quiet manifestation of it.

But have these factory “bleus” represented the factory operatives as a class? In truth it is such a promiscuous class that it would be impossible for any one magazine, or paper, preserving unity of tone, to represent them. It is generally conceded that they represent the more intelligent portion of them. The others are represented by the periodicals which they support by their subscriptions, and of these the name is Legion. Some are of a character which do their patrons no credit; others are every way excellent.

It would be a fortunate thing if papers, appealing to the lowest passions, and inflaming the most unworthy prejudices, with those which circulate mere gossip and falsehood, could be kept entirely from the young and easily influenced of our population. But the "freedom of the press" forbids that this can be.

Yet it may be asked, might not the Offering have been made more generally useful and interesting to them—more strictly devoted to the wants, duties, rights and wrongs of the female operatives. It must be remembered, that to give useful advice, or make valuable suggestions, one must show that their opinions are worthy of attention. This was the first aim of the Offering—to prove to others that we could understand, reason, reflect and communicate. To convince people we must gain access to them: to do this as universally as possible it was necessary that the magazine should be a neutral work. It was the design of its first editor, that it should conflict with but one error; that it should be perfectly free from sectarianism in religion, from party politics, and from the disputed topics of the day, as temperance, slavery, and so forth. Other papers were established for discussion and dissemination of thought upon these subjects, and our efforts were not needed. The writers could hardly feel restricted by these regulations, so little did they desire to enter upon controverted questions. There might have been an exception, but the majority felt that they were waging warfare upon falsehood and prejudice even in a quiet neglect of the misinformed and calumniators. This was the tone of the work when we took charge of it, and as no one came forward then to change it for the better, it has thus remained. Had any alteration been made it must have been done by ourself, and we felt too little confidence in our own judgment and infallibility to commence a strain of monition or invective.

Since that time there has been much written and said upon the elevation of the position of the laboring classes—upon the improvement of their condition—the redress of their wrongs—the amelioration of their sufferings, and the removal of all prejudice against the hardened hand and sunburnt brow. There is an increasing interest upon this subject, an awakening to a new dawn for the laboring community. Many periodicals and papers have been established to treat of this great subject, which underlies all other reformatory questions. These organs may be divided into two classes—not distinctly separated, however, but blending together, and partaking in different degrees of each other's characteristics. The first are those which treat the subject philosophically—which view society as progressive, and responsible collectively for the evils which have been entailed by ages past, and collectively called upon to remove them; which show that every age and state has its reformatory work, and while individual character is respected, so far as it has been necessarily influenced by educational circumstances, yet prove that individuals are responsible for the influence they can and do give the present and the future. What are our duties? and How can we perform them? are the questions of these reformers, and of these we would willingly learn. With such a character would we impress our work, if we were capable of so doing.

The other class of writers are those who indulge in low abuse, inflame low prejudice, pander to the base feelings of envy, jealousy, hatred and suspicion, sometimes perhaps thinking they are verily doing good service, but more often careless of the result, so that they secure a livelihood by their base employment. Of this work we were equally incapable. Our course may have appeared aimless and insipid to some, but it certainly has not been so. We feel confident that we have labored in the good cause, although we may have appeared to do our good by stealth. Those of the operatives who think differently can act in another way, and their task is now all the easier for what we have done for them. We do think that we have effected something, if we have placed factory employment, in the eyes of the community, upon a level with other kinds of labor.

H. F.